

Women with Ideas want a paper with Ideas; therefore read The Banner every week.

MAGAZINE SECTION

No guess work when you use Banner Want Ads. They have brought satisfactory results

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1918.

NO MORE CATARRH

A Guaranteed Treatment That Has Stood the Test of Time.

Catarrh cures come and catarrh cures go, but Hyomei continues to heal catarrh wherever civilization exists.

Every year the already enormous sales of this really scientific treatment for catarrh grow greater and the present should show all records broken.

If you breathe Hyomei daily as directed it will end your catarrh, or it won't cost you a cent.

If you have a hard rubber Hyomei inhaler somewhere around the house, get it out and start it at once to forever rid yourself of catarrh.

Wortley & French, or any other good druggist, will sell you a bottle of Hyomei (liquid), start to breathe it and notice how quickly it clears out the air passages and makes the entire head feel fine.

Hyomei used regularly will end catarrh, coughs, colds, bronchitis or asthma. A complete outfit, including a hard rubber pocket inhaler and bottle of Hyomei, costs but little. No stomach dosing; just breathe it. It kills the germs, soothes and heals the inflamed membrane.

When the Huns need a week or two to reorganize their forces and bring up more artillery, they put out peace offers, accept our terms and do the brotherly love act.

IN A NUT SHELL

\$ 2.50 monthly payment for about 139 months will amount to \$ 500.00
\$ 5.00 monthly payment for about 139 months will amount to \$1,000.00
\$10.00 monthly payment for about 139 months will amount to \$2,000.00
Present rate of profits 7 74-100 per cent per annum.
Start your Savings Account now.

BELDING BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

Wars are won with metal—save it.

Iron and steel are needed for tanks, guns, ammunition, ships, railroads, etc. Folks at home must save iron and steel to help win the war.

Use the old range until after the war.

Make your old range do a little longer by having it repaired. If it's past repairing, then the next best step is to buy the range that saves fuel, food and repairs. The Majestic's heat-tight riveting prevents fuel waste; its perfect baking prevents food waste, and its unbreakable malleable iron and rust-resisting charcoal iron make repairs a rare need.

T. FRANK IRELAND CO.

Caution: If your Majestic needs new parts, get them from us. We will supply you with genuine Majestic materials—not light, inferior parts, made by scalpers.

Great Majestic

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Auto Repairing

As it should be done. No lost motion, wasted time or poor parts when your auto repairing is done here.

Tires, Tubes, Oils and Accessories.

WISE & COBB

Phone 114 Belding, Michigan.
Vulcanizing, Accessoriers, Oils and Greases
United States Tires and Tubes



"OVER THE TOP" AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT ARTHUR GUY EMPEY MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

©1917 BY ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

ringing cheer broke out all along the front line, and his heart sank. He knew he was too late. His company had gone over. But still he ran madly. He would catch them. He would die with them.

Meanwhile his company had gone "over." They, with the other companies had taken the first and second German trenches, and had pushed steadily on to the third line. D company, led by their captain, the one who had sent Lloyd to division headquarters for trial, charged with desertion, had pushed steadily forward until they found themselves far in advance of the rest of the attacking force. "Bombing out" trench after trench, and using their bayonets, they came to a German communication trench, which ended in a blind alley, and then the captain, and what was left of his men, knew they were in a trap. They would not retreat. D company never retired, and they were D company. Right in front of them they could see hundreds of Germans preparing to rush them with bomb and bayonet. They would have some chance if ammunition and bombs could reach them from the rear. Their supply was exhausted, and the men realized it would be a case of dying as bravely as possible, or making a run for it. But D company would not run. It was against their traditions and principles.

The Germans would have to advance across an open space of three to four hundred yards before they could get within bombing distance of the trench, and then it would be all their own way.

Turning to his company, the captain said: "Men, it's a case of going West for us. We are out of ammunition and bombs, and the Boches have us in a trap. They will bomb us out. Our bayonets are useless here. We will have to go over and meet them, and it's a case of thirty to one, so send every thrust home, and die like the men of D company should. When I give the word, follow me, and up and at them. Give them hell—Lord, if we only had a machine gun, we could wipe them out! Here they come, get ready, men."

Just as he finished speaking, the welcome "pup-pup" of a machine gun in their rear rang out, and the front line of the onrushing Germans seemed to melt away. They wavered, but once again came rushing forward. Down went their second line. The machine gun was taking an awful toll of lives. Then again they tried to advance, but the machine gun mowed them down. Dropping their rifles and bombs, they broke and fled in a wild rush back to their trench, amid the cheers of "D" company. They were forming again for another attempt, when in the rear of D company came a mighty cheer. The ammunition had arrived and with it a battalion of Scotch to re-enforce them. They were saved. The unknown machine gunner had come to the rescue in the nick of time.

With the re-enforcements it was an easy task to take the third German line.

After the attack was over, the captain and three of his noncommissioned officers, wended their way back to the position where the machine gun had done its deadly work. He wanted to thank the gunner in the name of D company for his magnificent deed. They arrived at the gun, and an awful sight met their eyes.

Lloyd had reached the front line trench, after his company had left it. A strange company was nimbly crawling up the trench ladders. They were re-enforcements going over. They were Scotch, and they made a magnificent sight in their brightly colored kilts and bare knees.

Jumping over the trench, Lloyd raced across "No Man's Land," unheeding the rain of bullets, leaping over dark forms on the ground, some of which lay still, while others called out to him as he speeded past.

He came to the German front line, but it was deserted, except for heaps of dead and wounded—a grim tribute to the work of his company, good old D company. Leaping trenches, and gasping for breath, Lloyd could see right ahead of him his company in a dead-ended sap of a communication trench, and across the open, away in front of them, a mass of Germans preparing for a charge. Why didn't D company fire on them? Why were they so strangely silent? What were they waiting for? Then he knew—their ammunition was exhausted.

But what was that on his right? A machine gun. Why didn't it open fire and save them? He would make that gun's crew do their duty. Rushing over to the gun he saw why it had not

opened fire. Scattered around its base lay six still forms. They had brought their gun to consolidate the captured position, but a German machine gun had decreed they would never fire again.

Lloyd rushed to the gun and, grasping the traversing handles, trained it on the Germans. He pressed the thumb piece, but only a sharp click was the result. The gun was unloaded. Then he realized his helplessness. He did not know how to load the gun. Oh, why hadn't he attended the machine gun course in England? He'd been offered the chance, but with a blush of shame he remembered that he had been afraid. The nickname of the machine gunners had frightened him. They were called the "Suicide club." Now, because of this fear, his company would be destroyed, the men of D company would have to die, because he, Albert Lloyd, had been afraid of a name. In his shame he cried like a baby. Anyway he could die with them and, rising to his feet, he stumbled over the body of one of the gunners, who emitted a faint moan. A gleam of hope flashed through him. Perhaps this man could tell him how to load the gun. Stooping over the body he gently shook it and the soldier opened his eyes. Seeing Lloyd, he closed them again and, in a faint voice, said: "Get away, you blighter, leave me alone. I don't want any coward around me."

The words cut Lloyd like a knife, but he was desperate. Taking the revolver out of the holster of the dying man he pressed the cold muzzle to the soldier's head and replied:

"Yes, it is Lloyd, the coward of Company D, but so help me God, if you don't tell me how to load that gun I'll put a bullet through your brain!"

A sunny smile came over the countenance of the dying man and he said in a faint whisper:

"Good old boy! I knew you wouldn't disgrace our company."

Lloyd interposed: "For God's sake, if you want to save that company you are so proud of, tell me how to load that d—d gun!"

As if reciting a lesson in school, the soldier replied in a weak, singsong voice: "Insert tag end of belt in feed block, with left hand pull belt left front. Pull crank handle back on roller, let go, and repeat motion. Gun is now loaded. To fire, raise automatic safety latch, and press thumbpiece. Gun is now firing. If gun stops, ascertain position of crank handle—"

But Lloyd waited for no more. With wild joy at his heart, he took a belt from one of the ammunition boxes lying beside the gun, and followed the dying man's instructions. Then he pressed the thumbpiece and a burst of fire rewarded his efforts. The gun was working.

Training it on the Germans he shouted for joy as their front rank went down.

Traversing the gun back and forth along the mass of Germans, he saw them break and run back to the cover of their trench, leaving their dead and wounded behind. He had saved his company, he, Lloyd, the coward, had "done his bit." Releasing the thumbpiece, he looked at the watch on his wrist. He was still alive at "3.38."

"Ping!"—a bullet sang through the air, and Lloyd fell forward across the gun. A thin trickle of blood ran down his face from a little, black round hole in his forehead.

"The sentence of the court had been 'duty carried out.'"

The captain slowly raised the limp form drooping over the gun and, wiping the blood from the white face, recognized it as Lloyd, the coward of D company. Reverently covering the face with his handkerchief he turned to his "noncoms" and, in a voice husky with emotions, addressed them:

"Boys, it's Lloyd, the deserter. He has redeemed himself, died the death of a hero—died that his mates might live."

That afternoon a solemn procession wended its way toward the cemetery. In the front a stretcher was carried by two sergeants. Across the stretcher the Union Jack was carefully spread. Behind the stretcher came a captain and forty-three men, all that were left of D company.

Arriving at the cemetery, they halted in front of an open grave. All about them wooden crosses were broken and trampled into the ground.

A grizzled old sergeant, noting this destruction, muttered under his breath: "Curse the cowardly blighter who wrecked those crosses! If I could only get these two hands around his

(Continued Next Week)

GRATTAN

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Mooney, also the young gentleman who has arrived to make his home with them.

Miss Anna Ockerberg has moved into the Jay Norton house recently vacated by Mr. Norton and family.

Mrs. Hubert Booky and Mrs. Frank Foy visited their mother the first of the week and found her much improved.

Mrs. P. McCauley and Mrs. Manuel Newgent are on the sick list.

Friends of Glenn Farr were very sorry to hear of the serious illness and trust he may be on the road to recovery at this time.

Mrs. Seymour Lyons and children of Six Lakes are guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Rhodes.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Howard of Canonsburg spent Sunday with the latter's mother, Mrs. Hollis Brooks.

E. E. Lessiter is giving his house a new coat of paint. Geo. Rhodes is doing the work.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Leatherman are entertaining their son and wife from Dutton.

Another gold star is added to the service flag of Grattan township by the death of Corp. Alden Bush, Co. C, 125th infantry. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bush and lived all his life on the farm west of this village until he rendered his service to the cause for which he sacrificed his young life somewhere in France, August 1, 1918. Besides his parents he is survived by one sister, two brothers and a host of friends in this vicinity who extend their sympathy to the sorrowing family in this hour of deep affliction.

Miss Mildred Gais of Belding is the guest of Mrs. Frank Donovan. Friends wishing to send Christmas parcels overseas through the Red Cross can procure the packing box of Mrs. E. L. Brooks after Nov. 1 by presenting the Christmas parcel label.

Miss Eloise Brooks and friend, Miss Kittie Lessiter of Belding spent Saturday and Sunday with the former's parents.

Mrs. Mate Fish passed away Oct. 27 at the home of her sister, Mrs. John Randal in Grand Rapids after a lingering illness of many months. She was well known and had many friends both in Grattan and Belding where she had resided practically all her life. Private funeral services were held at the home of her sister Monday and she was laid to rest beside her husband and children who preceded her many years ago to the Great Beyond. Interment in Smyrna cemetery.

Mrs. Ruth Burbano spent Saturday in Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Brooks went to Ann Arbor Sunday to visit their son, Frank who is in training there.

A company of relatives and friends gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Donovan Saturday to remind Henry Tuttle that it was his 75th birthday. Owing to sickness many were disappointed in not being able to be in attendance. However the day and evening were very much enjoyed by all and a fine dinner and supper was served by the hostess. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Will Donovan and daughter, Mabel, Phin Tuttle and family John McNaughton and Rev. Ellis and family of Ashley.

BRINK

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Brink and Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Mast and son Chas., Mr. and Mrs. Sherm Hulbert visited Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Brink Sunday.

Mrs. Sager and three children of Belding visited Mrs. Horton Soule Thursday.

Mrs. Herb Reagan visited Mrs. Geo. Wiley Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Krick and son Albert visited the former's parents Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Cobb visited Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Wiley Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Phillips visited Mr. and Mrs. Gene Smith of Sylvester Thursday and Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Brown, and Mrs. Ernest Anderson visited Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Howe Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Brown brought Mrs. Howe two dozen white cookies and a cake of honey which was greatly appreciated.

Clarence Snow was a caller at M. L. Howe's Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Carpenter and Mrs. Ed Donaldson visited in Grand Rapids Saturday.

Ray Oberlin of near Greenville visited Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Brink Sunday, motoring down with Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Brink.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Chickering and son and Mrs. O. A. Nummer went to Camp Custer Wednesday to see Miss Edna Nummer who is sick in bed with the flu. Alton Chickering is improving from a siege and a relapse.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Howe purchased of Messrs. Ballard & Lloyd an Estate Hot Storm heater No. 354 and so far are well pleased.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Chickering moved to Belding Saturday on the North side.

Mrs. Ernest Anderson and son Roy J. and Miss Leone Tutill of Grattan visited Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Howe over Sunday. Mrs. Anderson remained until Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Phillips visited Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Johnson Sunday also calling on Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Condon of Smyrna.

Mrs. Zava Case and Mrs. Clyde Cooper and son, Harold and daughter Katherine visited Mrs. Cooper's parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. S. Donaldson of Maple Rapids from Wednesday till Friday and Mrs. Case stayed with Mrs. Cooper till Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Donald Orth of Ionia is at her mother's, Mrs. Emory Chickering's, at present on the sick list.

Mrs. Milo Town visited Mrs. Terry Whitford near Long Lake Wednesday.

Howard Hall is having his farm residence painted, Ed. Welsh doing the work.

Miss Hazel Snow and Chas. Hathaway visited Mr. and Mrs. Milo Town Sunday forenoon.

ORLEANS METHODIST CHURCH

R. V. Birdsall, Pastor.

These are trying days with churches all closed and "flu" having struck many of our homes, we need to be prayerful and careful and steady. Let us remember to keep the Sabbath days in a worshipful spirit. When the ban is lifted we will all appreciate the church more.

We have put our clocks back to sun time, so our church services will begin on sun time when we get back to business. Dilline preaching service, 10 o'clock, and Sunday school 11 o'clock; Easton preaching at 1:30 and Sunday school at 2:30; Orleans Sunday school at 11 o'clock, Epworth League at 6:30 and preaching at 7:30. Notice the change at Orleans for evening from 7 and 8 to 6:30 and 7:30.

Influenza has visited the parsonage. Faith Birdsall has been confined to the bed for several days, but is now up and on the gain.

We have elected new officers and teachers for each of our Sunday schools and prospects are good for a great year's work.

Eugene Shell is our new treasurer for Easton church. At a meeting of the board some time ago it was decided to adopt and work the envelope system and pay all bills by check. This is a success in our Orleans and Dilline churches.

Dilline has a new lighting plant installed burning acetylene gas.

NORTH LOWELL

Clyde Kenyon and family have returned home from Grand Rapids, where he has been employed for the past three weeks.

Word has been received that Chas. Clark and Harold Graham are suffering from shrapnel wounds.

Thelma Clark spent Sunday with Myrl Jacobson.

Phil Hartley was in Grand Rapids Monday on business. At a meeting of the board some time ago it was decided to adopt and work the envelope system and pay all bills by check. This is a success in our Orleans and Dilline churches.

Word was received today that Kelly Rogers, a former resident of Lowell, died of the flu in Detroit.

Sunday visitors at John Bierri's were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Schneider, Matilda Bierri, Thelma Clark, Myrl Jacobson and Lawrence Bierri.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Jacobson went to their farm in Grattan Sunday. Mr. Jacobson returned Monday but Mrs. Jacobson remained for a few weeks.

STOVES STOVES

The largest line of Soft Coal and Wood Heaters we have ever shown.

BELDING HDWE. CO.

PHONE 156

BRIDGE ST.

HEADQUARTERS FOR Favorite, American Eagle, Puritan FLOURS

The best on the market, you are the judge. If you say it is not, bring back the empty sack and get your money. Our prices conform to Government regulations.

CHAPMAN & STRUNK

Phone 61

FARM PRODUCE

ALWAYS In the market for your Beans, Wheat, Rye, Potatoes etc.

P. H. Maloney & Co.

Formerly Purdy's Elevator.

Phone 164 - - Belding, Michigan

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. H. H. H.*

It's Photograph Time.

Dennis, the popular photographer, has an advertisement in this issue, calling your attention to the important matter of photographs as Christmas gifts to soldiers, sailors and others. His advertisement appears on page five of this issue and it will be interesting to read. Turn to it and see what he suggests.

It is easier to get a million out of congress to fight the influenza now, than it would have been to get \$10,000 in the start to have kept it out.

Keeps Your Stove Shining Bright

Give a brilliant glossy shine that does not rub off or dust off—that lasts four times as long as any other.

Black Silk Stove Polish

is in a class by itself. It's more carefully made and made from better materials.

Try it on your stove, your cookstove or your gas range. If you don't find it the best polish you ever used, your hardware or grocery dealer is authorized to refund your money.

There's a Shine in Every Drop

Get a Can TODAY